Bailroad Time Cable.

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD LINE ommencing on Monday, October 13th, 1879. Trains Going South and East. Leave Montpeller at 11.45 A. M., 7.10 P. M., and 10.50 P. M.

Portland Express From Systems and Ogdenstorg St. Afform and flurington, arrives at Montpeller at \$23 & F. Mall-From Municeal, St. Athans, Burlington, etc., leaves Montpeller at 11.45 A. N., for Beston, New Lenden, Suctoefield, New York and Intermediate points. Nined Train—Leaves S. Albans et 4.09 F. K., Barlington at 5.00 F. M., Borthgelov et 7.10 F. M., Conventibled.
Night Saymess—From Optomorphy, Montrook, 81. Al-for, Working and Company of the Conventible of the Con

Trains Going North and West.

Day Express Leaves Boston via Frichburg at 8.06 A. H. via Lowell at 8.06 A. M. New London at 8.06 A. M. Rechtselted at 8.06 A. M. Memirebles at 8.06 P. M. for Burtington. St. Albans, Montreal and Oglemstorra. Burtington, St. Albane, Montreal and Ogelensburg. Leconstructuition Trains—Louve Scattfield at 8.25 a. R. Montpolier at 8.43 a. S. for Bestlington, Herbard, St. Albane, St. Johns and Richtors.
11xed—Leaves W. H. Junction at 3.26 a. R. for Surfried at 10.56 a. R. Montpolier at 1.10 a. R., for Surfriedman. St. Albane, Historica, Houses Voint, etc.

Night Express - Leave Boston via Lewell at 7,00 p. m. via Fitchburg at 3,00 p. m., New York at 3,00 p. m. Mostpelier at 1,22 a. m., for Bostingfield at 3,00 p. m., Mostpelier at 1,22 a. m., for Bostingfon, St. Albara, Montreal and Ogd'ng and the West

Hingson, St. Albane, Montreal and Opting and the West. Frakina leave Montpeller for Barre at 7.00 a. m. 1824 a. M. and 4.30 c. M. Returning, leave Barre at 7.45 a. M., 18.26 a. M. and 5.20 c. M. Steeping cars are attached to Night Styress twiter raming between Montreal and thosen, and Montreal and Spring-state, and New York via Troy, and parior cars to Day Ex-press between Design and Montreal. Through tickets for Chicago and the West for sale at the principal stations. 2. W. HORART, General Sup't. St. Albans, Vt., October 11, 1879.

Educational.

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or effections, giving information of the school, address J. S. SPAULDING, Barre, Vt. Barre, November 12, 1879. ST. JOHNSBURY AGADEMY,

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his work contains 128 large pages Price \$2.00 per copy, by \$15.00 per dozen CLARKE'S ORGAN COLLECTION For the PIPE or REED ORGAN.

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Doctor's Report.

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medicine, sells well, and give DR. J. CRIGHTON, Druggist, Dunleith, Illinois

CENTAUR

And worthless are your seeds. Fray, droop and fall. I should not grieve at seeing you no more. grace the world, for evening's brightest skies. Are not more right in gold and red than I, and every lay the long ring butterites. Beginn to stay till they must say 'good-by.'"

IN POWDER FORM

about such a result. A teacher who, with book in hand, does nothing more than ask the questions contained in the text, demandthe questions contained in the text, demanding of each pupil an exact answer, even go-few things about the work to be done: The perusal; but in the gathering twilight the ing so far as to hunt up the answer and mark around it with a pencil, saying to each first be learned. By position is meant not Only a story read slowly now for the chilone, "Learn from there to there," is little better than a machine. A child is eminently an observer, hence he should be taught to recognize and know by name world. The latitude and longitude of the everything he sees about him-plant, tree, state will give an answer to these questions animal, insect, stone; he may as well know something of these, if his attention is prop-erly directed, as to know the persons and things in his own home. At housand stories give more trouble. The correct way to from history, biography, travel are content the form is by map-drawing. Let the "Father, I thank thee;" but gently fell the

IN POWDER FORM

Teachers should reduce these to practice. The Barks, Roots and Herbs IN POWDER FORM

ruts, and committees will continue to employ teachers who barely answer the per cent required by law in their examination, who are wanting in all those general qualifications so indispensable in every successful teacher, and who work for mere nothing, thus foreing the better class out of the ranks, till a change is demanded by a sound and permanent public opinion. A course more detrimental to the best interests of common schools and common people, or better calculated to keep these schools at their present level, could not easily be marked out.

The Great Helper.

Every person is conscious of lacking some thing in the state of the state of the sam measiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be a spirit of doubt that disturbs every effort toward faith. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be a spirit of doubt that disturbs every effort toward faith. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be a spirit of doubt that disturbs every effort toward faith. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be the sum of some example and blessedness of heaven forever.—Charles of the conscious of lacking some thing in his daily effort to live well. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be a spirit of doubt that disturbs every effort toward faith. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be the want of some example and blessedness of heaven forever.—Charles of the present in the past. It may be the well. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be the well it may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be an uneasiness as to the future in view of the past. It may be an uneasiness as uts, and committees will continue to em scale of miles."

Geography of Vermont.

Educational Department. That the greater part of pupils leave on Conducted by W. W. AINSWORTH, Calais, Vt. tutions of learning, knowing very little about the geography of their own state, is a cite an instance which came under our personal observation: A young lady was being examined for a certificate, and in the subject of geography occurred the question, "How is Idaho bounded?" The superintendent drew his pencil through the word Idaho and in its place substituted the name of a town adjoining that in which the lady had always resided. She returned her paper with the question unanswered, saying that she could bound Idaho but confessing be inability to bound the required town. That this was not due to a lack of general knowledge on her part was amply shown by the

functions of all other officers are of little of locating or bounding correctly the com- One, all-loving and all-wise, heard and renoment; and could we be sure of such teach ties, much less the towns, of their own state. membered. Only a kiss and cheery "Good ers, superintendents would become superflu- This is due mainly to two causes: the want morning;" but lovingly did the mother's

occupies, but also what part of the United and the evening hymn softly sung; but from States, of North America and even of the the heart rose those sweetest of words: and should be learned at the outset. The stantly recurring to the perceptive teacher with which he can relieve the monotony of an otherwise dull recitation, or the dry re-

The following article, from the pen of It is easy, if one has a good degree of animal Horace Mann, we take from one of our edundurance, to sit and hear a class read in cational exchanges: "The teacher stood by the conventional school drawl the same the blackboard, with chalk in his hand. selections day after day, term after term, After casting his eye over the class to see with little of correction, suggestion or com- that all was ready, he struck at the middle ment; but to break up this elevated mono- of the board; with a rapidity of hand which tone, to explain each hidden thought, to set | my eye could hardly follow, he made a seeach lesson with gems of history, to infuse ries of those short diverging lines, or shadinto the class the spirit of the author, to ings, employed by map engravers to repre-make good readers of the class—" hoc opes, sent a chain of mountains. He had scarcely hic labor est." Under such a teacher a class turned an angle or shot off a spur, when the will "cipher" through measurements, stocks and taxes; but once out of the school-room Mountains, Hungary; 'Black Forest Moun-

thoroughly wide-awake and earnest teacher, and all so accurately proportioned that I think only slight errors would have been Schools will continue to go on in the old found had it been subjected to the test of a

Moral and Beligions.

MY SACRIPICE.

Laki on thine altar, O my Lord divine, Accept this sitt to-day for Jesus sake. I have no Jeseta to adorn thy shrow. Nor any swell-demod ascriffice to make; But here I bring, within juy trambling band. This will of mine—a thing that seemeth suid. Ami thine alone, O Lord, cann't nederstand How, when I yield thee this, I yield mine all.

History therein the searching gase care't see Struggles of passion, visions of delight. All that I have, or our, or fair would be,— Deep loves, from hopes and longings infinite; if hath been set with stars and drumed, with sigh Clenched for my grapp UII hearty hath it nome! Sow, from the footstiol, where it vacquiched lies.

Take it, O Father, ere my contrage fail!

And merge it so in thine own will, that e'en

If in sema desperate boar my crise pervail.

And then give back my gift, it may have been

so changed, so perided, so fair have grown,

so one with thee, so filled with peace divine,

I may not know or feel it as my own.

But, garning back my will, may find it thine?

—86

Routine of exercises does much to bring any great outlay for books, as the above-bout such a result. A teacher who, with named geography and a copy of "Walton's a friend; but cordial was the welcome and nook in hand, does nothing more than ask Vermont Register" are all he will need. position, form, and size of the state should peace which unselfishness always brings. only what part of New England Vermont dren, a little writing for the weary father,

"One more day's work for Josus, One less of life for me; But heaven is nearer, And Christ is dearer Than yesterlay, to me. His love and hight Filt all my soul, to-night."

looked heavenward as if to some divine command from the great throne. The signal came. Suddenly the air grew radiant, angel wings clove the invisible blue, the seraphic glow upon his countenance grew to an unearthly brightness. What a thrilling moment for all the racs. With the pierced hands still uplitted, the pierced feet no longer stood on the earth, the mysterious flight skyward is begun. One last look, "a cloud received him out of their sight." Duthtless the chariots of the cherubin halted for him just behind that cloud curtain. The ascension was a mighty miracle. Science still marvels at it. All bodies within our atmosphere gravitate to the earth. Christ our atmosphere gravitate to the earth. Christ was a man; he possessed a visible, tangible, real personality. Standing erect on one of earth's hills, he alone of his race and age suspended the universal law, bade defiance to the mundane centripetal force that bound all others, and without aid from balloon or miner, or shiffer agrial policy was waited. and the committee of the control of the colors which the color of the colors which control of the colors which and the colors which was the colors which the co

call. His grace is all-sufficient to lift any man up out of the dreadful past and the anxious present to full assurance of the better future. The fact that such a being as Christ ever lived on earth, a mystery to those who lived with him, yet a blessing to them for good,—something of a mystery to all who have read his life and death in the gracel since he passed was from earth. all who have read his life and death in the gospel since he passed away from earth, yet a greater power in the world to-day than ever,—this fact ought to satisfy any sane man that religion is a reality, for Christ lived religion; that God is real, for Christ was so much above the highest conception of a mao, he reflected the best idea that man has of what God is; that eternity is also real, for Christ talked as familiarly of eternity as he did of time. The only explanation that can be given of such a being is the solution of these great disturbing questions. His practical life likewise enlightens our ignorance of the duties of living. His life, so pure, so true, so perfect, is the outline for our life, and the infallible guide in life. What he said and did under the varying circumstances of his earthly bewith many a little chirp of thankful give,

Then spread his wings and perched upon the gate,
And these of his wayside friend in melody.

"All," askit the week, when he had first, "proud flower,"
A hongry, south-bound hird you could not feet;
Then spread his wings and perched upon the gate,
And these of his wayside friend in melody.

"All," askit the week, when he had first, "proud flower,"
A hongry, south-bound hird you could not feet;
The gip you rejove in beauty's gracesus dow?—
That hoon was granted to a houndle weed!"

"Stierted.—

Qualifications of Teachers.

In comparison to a good teacher, one who teaches partly, at least, from choice, the functions of all other officers are of little

of locating or bounding correctly the counting and all-wise, heard and refundable ways, the functions of all other officers are of little

ons, as indeed in many cases they already are, and school committees would be medial only in furnishing supplies for the school-and occupation which would consume by an accupation which would consume by a pulls the necessity of knowing something about such as a special study themselves, hestitate to each it any larther than the various is real love for teaching, and genuine enthus sissue for the work. For the child somes into our schools with a natural inquisitiveness and thirst for knowledge, and we have but to study his institutes and lead him, and sucire for learning that shall end only with its days. So far from doing this, many times the teachers to a great extent, in checking this inquisitiveness and certaing that shall end only should consume the first years of schooling acceed, to a great extent, in checking this inquisitiveness and crushing out this enthusiant of the subject on the part of A master comes to his garden. He turns the Lord Jesus took his disciples into the vineyard and told them of the Vine? The words are worth thinking over solemnly, one by one. "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away." Every branch in me. Surely it is enough to be in him! This is much more than profession; and much more than orthodox belief; and much more than a moral life. In Christ! Yes but it is not enough. Privilege and much more than a moral life. In Christ!
Yes, but it is not enough. Privilege and
position do not deliver us from the need of
any good results—they make the obligation.
In such a vineyard; with such a husbandman; a branch of such a Vine, what if there
be no fruit? This: "Every branch in me
that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and
every branch that beareth fruit he cleanseth
it that it may bring forth more fruit.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen
you, and ordained you, that we should go you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit." To him, to us, to others, fruit is to be the end and evidence of our life.—Rev. M. G. Pearse.

an otherwise dull recitation, or the dry recital of facts.

Schools "kept" by teachers whose idea shat their darty is done when they have is aked the printed questions contained in a given subject are, to put it mildly, uninteresting and univiting. Every school resemble, we will be the length of the northern at words a mile the water of the same hopper. It matters little who turns at such a mills.

There is no greater opportunity for indivisity that the same hopper. It matters little who turns at such a mills.

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There is no greater opportunity for indivisity the matters little who turns at such a mills.

There is no greater opportunity for indivisity the matters little who turns at such a mills.

There is no greater opportunity for indivisity the methods by which he can be state to construct a true rectangle, with the methods by which he can best succeed. Books should be followed only so first, as a general guide. Books teach thereof a gard in the same without and the same hopper. The sign of the construction of the map.

The day has not been in vain.

The Ascension.

At one of the fellowship meetings which the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and have among themselves, an old man for the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and the unive Christians of the South Sea Is and "Oh That They Had Sent It Sooner!" children. On that they had sent it sooner."
He sat down. Another man rose up. "I know what my brother says. I, too, mourn to-day sons and daughters slain. If we had known the goupel sooner, they should be with us now. Yes, it is true. Oh that English Christians had sent us the gospel sooner!" I thought, as I sat listening, how much these words should sober and stir us. Oh to send the gospel everywhere we can, and send it soon —Ree. W. Wyatt Gill.

only to be trampled and soiled? Ah! weary heart, this question brings its answers. But not from the sparkling snow comes the voice. No reassuring word from the outer calmness stills our longings. We simply remember "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin;" and the thrill of joy in our hearts silences al other questions as we softly repeat: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white

When the chemists and necromand When the chemists and necromancers of the middle ages were spending their days and nights in experimenting toward the making of gold by chemical process, it used to seem to them that only one thing was needed to crown their efforts with complete success. Often and often their combinations would seem to demand but a single substance to precipitate or crystallize all into golden metal. But this one substance they never found, and so their mortars and crucibles contained nothing precious. Somewhat similar to these worthless compounds, lacking only a single element, are those lives which omit "for Christ's sake" from their strivings after success. That is the lives which omit "for Christ's sake" from their strivings after success. That is the one thing that combines all effort in a golden result; the one thing whose absence leaves but a poor and valueless remainder. There are people whose lives are lived "in his name," but who know it not; and there are lives which think they are Christ's, but are not so in very truth. But God can always see whether they are really golden or not; and even the world can commonly detect without difficulty the presence or absence of the element of highest religious worth.—

Sunday-School Times.

A MAN has no more right to say an un-Goo makes the earth bloom with roses

that we may not be discontented with our so-journ here; he makes it bear thoras that we may learn to look for something better beyond.—Ludlow.

beyond.—Ludios.

Do you say sin is too strong for you? It is not too strong for Omnipotence that dwelieth in you. I don't want so much to be afraid of going to hell, as to be afraid of sin. Let me be afraid of sin, and then I need not be afraid of going to hell.—Roseland Hill. POVERTY is the load of some, and wealth is the load of others, perhaps the greater load of the two. It may weigh them to perdition. Bear the load of thy neighbor's poverty and let him bear with thee the load of thy wealth. Thou lightenest thy load by lightening his.—Augustine.

The height of all philosophy is to know thyself, and the end of this knowledge is to know God; and know God that thou mayest know God; and know God that thou mayest love him, and serve him, and be like him. In the one thou art initiated into wisdom, and in the other perfected in it.—Quaries. Ir is not darkness the Christian goes to at death, for God is light. It is not loneliness, for Christ is with him. It is not an unknown country, for Jesus is there: and there have the mark refer.

The Bome Gircle.

ow, motherty hen, the day is done

Now, metherly hen, the day is done, Ton're calling your childrens, one by due; Under your wings you gather them tight. Per well you know the darksome night I a full of these ansees brief of yrey. That would take your little once away. You're happy, I ken, O, tittle leaves hen. Ton're eare not a chick to-night will stray

But why so messay, calling get?
Oh: there's one black chick you don't forget.
It's coming now 'neath the garden cale,
What is the reason it's always lake?
Out you fold it softly to your brosst.
Olive it as warm a place as the rest.
And not a cross word
In the coop is heard!
Ton know the way that's wisest and best.

O, motherly hen, cuddle them well,

Pather above, in thy throne of light, Watch over thy children door, to sught.
The darkness falls and the hirds of prey
Will hever about their unseen way.
'Neath mother's loving wings no more
They're folded, as in years before.
Father, let them be,
Safety kept by thee.
Till all life's darlsome nights are o'er. —Helected.

"The forest twig on the elm tree Is ridged inclo-deep with pearls."

O beautiful snow! Many are the memo thoughts which will not be quieted. Though the tiny floweret had longed for thy mbrace, and the hillsides waited for thy iess trite than when one thinks what he will shielding charity, still noiseless and unattended was thy coming, white messenger. Did God send you here to protect the slumbering leaves and buds? Yes, and to gently being leaves and buds? Yes, and to gently do devise should not be unhappy. "I give to his friends when he has been ten years dead! And so the man who has no property to devise should not be unhappy. "I give devise should not be unhappy. "I give devise should not be unhappy. "I give he feels that an dequeath to my dearly-leaved dark to a last will? If a man can honestly wind may blow it disturbs them not. One thair in our family circle is vacant—vacated in increase the snows of last winter. Cans't thou tell us aught of him for whose presence we yearn? Does God send you to comfort us, as we think of those we love out in the night and the darkness? If a their rest sweeter, deeper for thy coming? You are at rest; where seek we for it? You know naught of sin; teach us the secret of thy purity. Where is thy home, and didst thou not dread to leave its shining realms? The days have come, the days hielding charity, still noiseless and unat-

The Sitting-Room.

It is not too soon to begin provision for the winter days, now not far away. Only a few years ago it was quite common in country houses to let all fires go out every night and be rekindled afresh every morning; but improvements in stoves and base-burners and heating apparatus have made it economy to keep fires all night and preserve an equable temperature in "living rooms." So it is eavier than not to have a greenery all winter, transferring from the garden to the house plants that delight in warmth and delicate tendance. They not only cheer and enliven our apartments when the snow and sleet beat upon the window-pane, but they serve as monitors, telling us when our rooms are too hot and dry, flourishing most when the air is most healthful for our own lungs. The much-dispated question as to the wholesomeness of having plants in living rooms seems to be settled, and the plants are encouraged to stay. They ask a sunny exposure, freedom from dust, sufficient moisture, a generous soil, loving care, and in return they give us beauty, fragrance, and the constant memory of summer days. Many of our commonest seeds will make beauty in the house. The sweet-potato vine is a charming climber. A carrot or a turnip hollowed out, kept filled with water, and suspended in the window will cover itself with the most beautiful foliage; a cone filled with wheat and set in a glass of water reveals all the mysteries of germination and growth. These simple adoraments are within the reach of the poorest, and time spent upon them is by no means idly spent. The great Architect shows his infinite skill in the pencilings of this humblest flower that grows by the roadside as well as in the fashioning of mountain ranges or the grouping of starry worlds. They who see not the existence of beauty for its own sake in the world are

by the roadside as well as in the fashioning of mountain ranges or the grouping of starry worlds. They who see not the existence of beauty for its own sake in the world are blind.

Those who have a sunny window in their kitchens can easily have flourishing plants, for they delight in the moist, steamy air of the kitchen. On wash days it is a good plan to set the plants in the sink or a tub and dreuch them with cold suds, the dirtier the better; then riuse off the leaves with tepid water, and when they are drained return them to their shelves and brackets again.—Selected.

A Kansas Experience.

"When I settled on my claim, three years ago last spring," the homesteader began, "and got the shanty built, I had just eight dollars and sixty cents left, and a sack o' flour: that was all, except a few dried apples Sarah had brought in the box with the dishes and bed-covers. We had no stove, and so we dug a hole in the ground to cook in; we hadn't any bedstead either, and I fixed up some bunks out of barrel-staves, in; we hadn't any bedstead either, and I fixed up some bunks out of barrel-staves, in ground the cook in; we hadn't any bedstead either, and I fixed up some bunks out of barrel-staves, in ground the material surroundings off; when it was cloudy we couldn't see the house at all. We got along, though, an' I broke twenty acres of sod and planted it in garden-stuff. Then we had to wait for a things to grow. The commissary stores dwindled mighty low toward the last, I cell you; but we stuck it out one way an' another till the lettuce and the first outons come, and one day I shot an antelope. I do't believe fresh meat ever tasted better than that did, not exceptin' secesh chickens. Then, finally, the roastin' ears got fit to pull, and when the corn hardened a little more we grated it off on an old saw we had, and that way made meal. And all the time

we'd been plannin' what we'd do next year. I think that helped a good deal to keep us in heart; its a lucky knack to anybody; when a man quits lookin' ahead I wouldn't give shucks for him. We didn't weaken once, did we, Sarah?" "No, Diok," anawered the wife—a bright-eyed little body, with a flush of rose in her tanned cheeks—"we didn't, not even when your tobacco gave out;" and an insinuating smile lurked about her mouth. "Well, that was tough," he returned; "if anything will make a man lose his grips it's takin' his tobacco away from him. But we had the fiddle left, Sarah. You won't believe it, sir, but actually I used to sit on the grass in the moonlight and play the fiddle for hours at a stretch—dancin' tunes, mind you—and I know it made me feel wood and made Sarah feel I used to sit on the grass in the moonlight and play the fiddle for hours at a stretch—dancin' tunes, mind you—and I know it made me feel good, and made Sarah feel good, too, and the children. It don't take so much to make folks feel good as you might a'pose." "Did your corn turn out well?" I inquired. "Tip-top, for sod-corn. That was what carried us through the winter—a friendly, open winter it was—and the next spring I dickered for a cow and some shoats, and bought me a sulky-plow, an' put in forty acres of core; an' that year's crop set me square on my feet. Since them we've made it right along. Last year I had twelve hundred bushels of corn to sell, an' two steers, besides pork enough to pay for our winter's groceries. I count myself worth today at least two thousand dollars, with a good prospect; an' this in less than four year, with next to nothin' for a start. But a man ought to have as much as three hundred dollars to begin with on a homestead claim; then he's all right, an' he can make it every time, if he's got the sand to stick to it, an' aint lazy. The worst of it, though, is the bein' so cut off from other folks. "Taint nigh so had now as it used to be, sattlers are comin' in so much faster. It's wearin' on women, 'specially men don't mind it so much after a while; but women tlers are comin' in so much faster. It's wearin' on women, 'specially: men don't mind it so much after a while; but women —women are queer, you know.—Scribner's for November.

"Left Nothing to His Family."

How often is this said of a man who dies, owning no property! How often, in their ignorance, are good men saddened by the thought that, having no money to bestow, they can bequeathe nothing to their children. But every child is an heir, and his inheritance is indefeasable. First of all are his memories of his parents and home. Ah! if men and women could dictate to ther lawyer's on paper or parchment, what memories they shall leave behind them, how differently would the record read, in so many cases! But memory is a record not open to amendment, nor subject to obliteration by another's will. We shall be remembered chiefly for what we are—happy if there be even one who will think of what we wished or tried to be. Every day and year, thereeven one who will think of what we wished or tried to be. Every day and year, therefore, adds to the possessions of our children and friends, in their memories of us. How inadequately does money represent one, when compared with one's self! The trits truth that it is not what a man has, but what he is, that measures him, never seems less trite than when one thinks what he will be to his friends when he has been ten years dead! And so the man who has no property

sun shall see many a stain on thy white surface. Is it not in vain this giving of thy life only to be trampled and soiled? Ah! weary heart, this question brings its answers. But not from the sparkling snow comes the voice. No reassuring word from the outer calmness stills our longings. We simply remember the thrill of joy in our hearts silences all other questions as we softly repeat: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow."

The Sitting-Room.

It is not too soon to begin provision for the winter days, now not far away. Only a few years ago it was quite common in country houses to let all fires go out every night and be rekindled afresh every morning; but improvements in stoves and base-burners and hearting apparatus have made it economy to keep fires all night and preserve an equal able temperature in "living rooms." So it is easier than not to have a greenery all winter, transferring from the garden to the shouse plants that delight in warmth and enliven our apartments when the snow and enliven our apartments when the snow and enliven our apartments when the snow and enlive nour apartments when the snow and enlive nour apartments when the snow and the air is most healthful for our own lungs. The much-disputed question as to the wholes someness of having plants in living rooms are too hot and dry, flourishing most when the air is most healthful for our own lungs. The much-disputed question as to the wholes someness of having plants in living rooms are too hot and dry, flourishing most when the air is most healthful for our own lungs. The much-disputed question as to the wholes someness of having plants in living rooms are too hot and dry, flourishing most when the air is most healthful for our own lungs. The much-disputed question as to the wholes someness of having plants in living rooms are too hot and dry, flourishing most when the air is most healthful for our own lungs. The much-disputed question as to the wholes on the air is most healthful for our own lungs. The much-disputed que

The Charm of the Dead Past.

There is a fascination in the study of the dead past. We love to contemplate the things and people that were, but with whose ashes the winds of centuries have been sporting, as if they had never glowed with life, significance or beauty. Upon the crumbling door-sill of the lonely, tenantless old house, in whose corridors and frowling rooms the voice of past generations echo with a sepul-chral solemuity, we sit down, and the im-agination summons from the church-yard the forms that once moved through these the forms that once moved through these dismal halls, places the rag carpet again upon the floor, the old arm chair again in the corner, in which the sweet-faced gray-haired mother and grandmother sat with her knitting, the slow-ticking eight-day clock against the wall, the watch-dog again sleeping upon the step, once more kindles the fire in the lunge, againg, frowning fireplace, and smothers in that desolate, deserted, decaying structure the present with the resurrected past. The rotting, disordered fence about the door-yard rises into order and beauty again; the delicately beautiful flowers that tender hands once trained into delightful bloom, burst into fresh glory and breathe forth their exquisite perfumes; the lawns and terraces begin to laugh with the rich verdure of the long-ago, and the life and beauty of the past is kindled anew about the rickety old house, and the walks and grounds around which time has scattered the mould and debris of decay.—Western Rusal.

IMPORTANT MUSICAL NOTICE!

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